1501/94.

AN

EPISTLE

TO THE

REVIEWERS.

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIX-PENCE.

Entered at Stationers Hall.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 MAY 63

A

Poetical, Supplicating, Modeſt, and Affecting

EPISTLE

TO THOSE

LITERARY COLOSSUSES,

THE

REVIEWERS.

By PETER PINDAR, Eſq.

Carmine, Dî Superi placantur, Carmine, Manes.

Vaſt are the pow'rs of Verſe—indeed ſo ſtrong,
Angels and Devils can be ſooth'd by Song.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR H. D. SYMONDS, N° 20, PATERNOSTER-ROW,
AND ROBERTSON AND BERRY, N° 39, SOUTHBRIDGE, EDINBURGH.

M. DCC. XCII.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 MAY 63

TO THE

REVIEWERS.

FATHERS of Wiſdom, a poor wight befriend!
Oh, hear my ſimple prayer in ſimple lays:
In *formâ pauperis* behold I bend,
And of your Worſhips aſk a little praiſe.

I am no cormorant for fame, d'ye ſee;
I aſk not *all* the laurel, but a *ſprig!*
Then hear me, Guardians of the ſacred Tree,
And ſtick a leaf or two about my wig.

In ſonnet, ode, and legendary tale,
Soon will the preſs my tuneful works diſplay;
Then do not damn 'em, and prevent the ſale;
And your petitioner ſhall ever pray.

My labours damn'd, the Muſe with grief will groan—
The cenſure dire my lantern jaws will rue!
Know, I have teeth and ſtomach like your own,
And that I wiſh to eat as well as you.

I never ſaid, like murderers in their dens,
You ſecret met in cloud-capp'd garret high,
With hatchets, ſcalping knives in ſhape of pens,
To bid, like Mohocks, hapleſs authors die:

Nor ſaid, (in your Reviews, together ſtrung)
The limbs of butcher'd writers, cheek by jowl,
Look'd like the legs of flies on cobwebs hung
Before the hungry ſpider's dreary hole.

I ne'er declar'd, that, frightful as the Blacks,
In greaſy flannel caps you met together,
With ſcarce a rag of ſhirt about your backs,
Or coat or breeches to keep out the weather.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 MAY 63

Heav'n

Heav'n knows I'm innocent of all tranſgreſſion
Againſt your Honours, men of claſſic fame!
I ne'er abus'd your critical profeſſion,
Whoſe *dictum* ſaves at once or damns a name.

I never queſtion'd your profound of head,
Nor *vulgar*, call'd your wit, your manners *coarſe*;
Nor ſwore on butcher'd authors that you fed,
Like carrion crows upon a poor dead horſe.

I never ſaid, that, pedlar like, you ſold
Praiſe by the ounce, or pound, like ſnuff or cheeſe;
Too well I knew you ſilver ſcorn'd and gold—
Such droſs, a ſage Reviewer ſeldom ſees!

I never hinted, that with half a crown
Books have been ſent you by the ſcribbling tribe;
Which fee hath purchas'd pages of renown:
No, for I knew you'd ſpurn the *paltry* bribe.

I ne'er averr'd, you critics to a man,
For pence, would ſwear an owl excell'd the lark;
Nor call'd a coward gang, your grave Divan,
That ſtabb'd, like baſe aſſaſſins, in the dark.

I never prais'd, or blam'd, an author's book,
Until your wiſe opinions came abroad;
On theſe with holy rev'rence did I look:
With you I prais'd, or blam'd, ſo help me G—d!

The fam'd LONGINUS all the world muſt know:
The gape of wonder ARISTARCHUS drew,
As well as ALEXANDER's * Tutor, lo!
All! all great critics, gentlemen, like *you*.

Did any aſk me, "Pray, Sir, your opinion
"Of thoſe Reviewers, who ſo bold beſtride
"The world of learning, and, with proud dominion,
"High on the backs of crouching authors ride?"

Quick

* Ariſtotle.

Quick have I anſwer'd, in a rage, " Odſblood!
" No works like theirs ſuch criticiſm convey:
" Not all the timber of Dodona's wood
" E'er pour'd more ſterling oracle than *they*."

Did others cry, " Whate'er their brains indite,
" Be ſure, is excellent—a partial crew!
" With Iö Pæans uſher'd to the light,
" And prais'd to folly in the next Review:"

This was my anſwer to each ſnarling elf,
(My eyeballs fill'd with fire, my mouth with foam)
" Zounds! is not juſtice due to one's dear ſelf?
" And ſhould not charity begin at home?

" Full often I've been queſtion'd with a ſneer—
"Think you one could not bribe 'em?" "Not a nation."—
"A beef-ſtake, with a pot or two of beer,
" Might ſave a little volume from damnation."

Furious I've anſwer'd, "Lo! my Lord CARLISLE
"Hath begg'd, in vain, a ſeat in FAME's old temple;
"Though *you* applaud, *their* wiſdoms will not ſmile;
"And what they diſapprove is curſed ſimple.

"Could gold ſucceed, enough the Peer might raiſe,
"Whoſe wealth would buy the critics o'er and o'er:
"'Tis merit only can command their praiſe,
"Witneſs the volumes of Miſs HANNAH MORE*.

"The *Search for Happineſs*, that beauteous ſong,
"Which all of us would give our ears to own;
"The *Captive*, *Percy*, that, like muſtard ſtrong,
"Make our eyes weep, and underſtandings groan†."

Hail Briſtol town! Bœotia now no more,
Since GARRICK's SAPPHO ſings, though rather ſlowly:
All hail Miſs HANNAH! worth at leaſt a ſcore,
Ay, twenty ſcore, of CHATTERTON and ROWLEY.

* A Lady talked of for her rhimes, and emphatically called, by a *certain* claſs of readers, the tenth Muſe.

† A pair of tragedies.

Men

Men of prodigious parts are moſtly ſhy:
Great NEWTON's ſelf this failing did inherit;
Thus, frequent, *you* avoid the public eye,
And hide, in lurking holes, a world of merit.

Yet oft your cautious modeſties I ſee,
When from your bow'r with bats you wing the dark:
And Sundays, when no catchpoles prowl for prey,
On æther dining in St. James's Park.

Meek Sirs! in frays you chooſe not to appear,
A circumſtance moſt natural to ſuppoſe,
And therefore hide your precious heads, for fear
Some angry bard abus'd, ſhould pull your noſe.

The world's loud plaudit, lo! you don't deſire,
Nor do you haſtily on books decide;
But firſt at ev'ry coffee-houſe enquire,
How, in its favour, runs the public tide.

There, WISDOM, often with a critic wig,
The face demure, knit brows, and forehead ſcowling,
I've ſeen o'er pamphlets, with importance big,
Mouſing for faults, or, if you'll have it, *owling*.

Herculean Gentlemen! I dread your drubs;
Pity the lifted whites of both my eyes!
Strung with new ſtrength beneath your maſſy clubs,
Alas! I ſhall not an ANTÆUS riſe.

Lo, like an elephant along the ground,
Great Caliban, the giant JOHNSON ſtretch'd!
The Britiſh ROSCIUS too your clubs confound,
Whoſe fame the fartheſt of the ſtars hath reach'd.

If ſuch ſo eaſy ſink beneath your might,
Ye Gods! I may be done for in a trice:
Hurl'd by your rage to everlaſting night—
Crack'd with that eaſe a beggar cracks his lice.

If, awful Sirs, you grant me my petition;
With brother pamphlets ſhall my pamphlet ſhine;
And ſhould it chance to paſs a firſt edition,
In capitals ſhall ſtare your praiſe divine.

Quote from my work as much as e'er you pleaſe;
For extracts, lo! I'll put no angry face on;
Nor fill a hungry lawyer's fiſt with fees,
To trounce a Bookſeller, like furious MASON*.

Sage Sirs! if favour in your ſight I find,
If fame you grant, I'll bleſs each gen'rous giver;
Wiſh you ſound coats, good ſtomachs, maſters kind†,
Gallons of broth, and pounds of bullock's liver.

* The conteſt between Mr. Maſon and a Bookſeller is generally known.

† The Bookſellers.

The following Addreſs to the REVIEWERS was written for a poetical Friend, who had ſuffered by their Severity.

'TIS hard, Meſſieurs Reviewers, 'pon my ſoul,
You thus ſhould lord it o'er the world of wit:
No higher court your ſentence to controul,
You hang, or you reprieve, as you think fit!

Whether, in calf, your labours of the year
Rank with immortal bards, or boxes line;
Or, torn for ſecret ſervices, oh dear!
Are offer'd up at Cloacina's ſhrine:

Whether you look all roſy round the gills,
Or hatchet-fac'd like ſtarving cats ſo lean;
Whether your criticiſm each pocket fills
With halfpence, keeping you cloſe ſhav'd and clean;

Whether

Whether in gorgeous raiment you appear,
Or tatters ready from your backs to fall;
Whether with pompous wigs to guard each ear,
Or whether you've no wigs or ears at all;

Whether you look like gentlemen or thieves,
I hate uſupers of the critic throne;
Therefore his compliments the poet gives,
And humbly hopes you'll let his lines alone.

Stay till he aſks your thoughts, ye forward ſages;
Officiouſneſs the modeſt bard abjures:
'Tis ſurely pert to meddle with *his* pages,
Who never deign'd to look in one of *yours*.

THE END.

A LIST OF

PETER PINDAR's WORKS,

NEW EDITIONS,

WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS;

Any of which may be had of H. D. SYMONDS, Paternoſter-Row, and of the Town and Country Bookſellers.

		£.	s.	d.
1.	A Supplicating EPISTLE to the REVIEWERS, — —	0	1	6
2.	LYRIC ODES to the Royal Academicians, for 1782,	0	2	0
3.	—— —— —— — —— — 1783, —	0	1	6
4.	—— —— —— — —— — 1785, —	0	2	6
5.	FAREWELL ODES ———— — 1786, —	0	3	0
6.	The LOUSIAD, Canto I. ———— ——	0	2	6
7.	—— ———— Canto II. —— — —	0	2	6
8.	—— ———— Canto III. ———— ————	0	2	6
9.	Congratulatory EPISTLE to JAMES BOSWELL ——	0	2	0
10.	BOZZI and PIOZZI, a TOWN ECLOGUE ————	0	3	0
11.	ODE upon ODE, or a PEEP at St. JAMES's ——	0	3	0
12.	An APOLOGETIC POSTSCRIPT to ODE upon ODE —	0	2	0
13.	INSTRUCTIONS to a certain POET LAUREAT —	0	2	6
14.	BROTHER PETER to BROTHER TOM — —	0	3	0
15.	PETER's PENSION, a ſolemn EPISTLE —— —	0	3	0
16.	PETER's PROPHECY ———— ———— —	0	3	0
17.	SIR J. BANKS and the EMPEROR of MOROCCO —	0	1	6
18.	EPISTLE to a FALLING MINISTER ————	0	2	6
19.	SUBJECTS for PAINTERS ———— ————	0	3	6
20.	EXPOSTULATORY ODES ———— ————	0	2	6
21.	A Benevolent EPISTLE to Maſter JOHN NICHOLS —	0	2	6
22.	A ROWLAND for an OLIVER —— ————	0	2	6
23.	ADVICE to the FUTURE LAUREAT —— —	0	1	6
24.	EPISTLE to BRUCE —— —— ————	0	2	6
25.	The RIGHTS of KINGS —— ——	0	3	0
26.	ODES to Mr. PAINE ———— ————	0	1	0
27.	The REMONSTRANCE ———— ————	0	2	6
28.	MORE MONEY! or Odes of Inſtruction to Mr. PITT —	0	2	6
29.	ODES of IMPORTANCE — — —	0	3	0
30.	The TEARS of St. MARGARET, &c. — —	0	2	6
31.	A Pair of LYRIC EPISTLES to LORD MACARTNEY, &c.	0	1	6
32.	ODES to KIEN LONG ———— ————	0	3	0
		£. 3	17	6

*** Complete Sets may now be had, including a Mezzotinto Engraving of the Author, by one of the moſt eminent Artiſts.

N. B. The complete Set, WITHOUT the Portrait of the Author, is ſpurious.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 63 MAY